

# *Sketch*

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## Forsaken

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# CHICAGO

By Charles Reynolds, '37.



**T**HIS is Chicago,  
With screaming brakes and haggling urchins.  
Overhead a jangling "L" takes drooping workers home  
To squalor and a tasteless meal.  
Sharp whirls of grimy dust  
Add to the sordid action of the quitting hour.  
Towering buildings give a touch of greatness  
To things which are not great.  
A pigeon flutters down from overhead  
To peck with scorn a sodden cigarette.  
This is Chicago.  
But where is the grandeur  
Which we have heard about?



# FORSAKEN

By William Dickinson, '37

**I** first admired her beauty as afar  
I gazed entranced, like one who views a star  
Remote, in silent awe. But closer then  
A winsome sweetness, as I watched her eyes  
Half hid by lashes languorous, falling when  
I touched her hand. I saw the lashes rise  
And in those sable depths there was, I thought,  
A change from friendship to affection wrought.

Too quick her feeling cooled; from me she turned  
Her lovely eyes and for another yearned.  
For him those unproved, tender passions burned.  
The pleas I uttered fell upon her ear  
Unheard. But this avowal she must hear:  
My love was ardent, virtuous, sincere.